# The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY.


## IRA IN THE CITY.

I wonder what they're doin' these delightful days out there,
Where the good old crispy feelin' comes a-stealin' through the air;
I can almost taste the cider that is pourin' from the mill,
Seems as though I hear the rustle in the corn shocks on the hill.
I can seem to see the pun'kins gleamin' yellow on the ground,
And the blossoms of the buckwheat with the bees a-buzzin' round.

I wonder if the apples of the old tree by the gate
Have been gathered yet? They always used to ripen rather late;
And, gee whiz, how good they tasted, and what lots of juice they had,
And the smell that there was to 'em—that alone 'ud make you glad.
Oh, I'd like to be out yonder, where the colts kick up and play,
And the folks keep on belivin' that the Lord ain't fur away.

I wonder if they ever, as they're workin' on out there,
Get to thinkin' of where I am—wonder if they ever care?
Oh, I s'pose the old spring bubbles just as cool and just as clear
As it use to 'fore I ever dreampt of comin' way up here,
And the path down from the kitchen, s'pose it's there the same to-day,
And wore down as smooth and bare as though I'd never come away.

I wonder if they ever notice my initials where,
Long ago, I cut 'em into all the stable doors out there?
And I wonder when they see 'em if they ever think of me,
And would like to see me back there where the wind's a-blowin' free,
Where the hick'ry nuts come tumblin' with a rattle from the limb,
And the Lord's still near the people and they still believe in Him?

I s'pose the sumac's crimson and the maple's turnin' red,
Just as though I'd never left there with big notions in my head,
And the cows I'll bet go wadin' to the middle of the stream,
And stand there, kind of solemn, and look fur away and dream.
Not a thing has stopped out yonder just because I left one day,
And if I'd go back the city'd never know I'd been away.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Wrong Woman.

By Winifred Graham.

I AM quite a young girl, and a lady-librarian by profession.

While traveling to various country houses, I have met with many strange adventures, though indexing musty old libraries sounds dry as dust to the casual ear.

Being one of a large family, I revel in the relaxation of work, by which I escape "the trivial round, the common task," though often I pine for riches, ease, and chiffon.

One bright sunny morning I met an old friend of my father's—Mr. Jessop—who often recommends me to book-collecting friends.

"My dear," he said, "I've a little job for you, if you like to take it on."

My eyes glistened, for at the moment I was "out of work."

"I have mentioned you to a delightful old lady," he continued, "living in a beautiful country house. She is anxious to have her splendid library catalogued by a professional. I warn you she is eccentric, but in a very nice way—so good and kind to everybody, and especially fond of girls."

I thanked him heartily, declaring I loved eccentric people.

"Then I will ask her to write to you," he said.

Sure enough, a few days later I received a request to visit Stanley House. But the letter brought with it a sense of disappointment, for Mrs. Shepperton informed me she was going for a short tour abroad, so I could not see her.

"I have a very nice housekeeper," she wrote, "who will look after your comfort. I hope you will make yourself quite at home. The carriage shall meet you at the station."

On my arrival I was greeted with a pleasurable surprise. A lady in purple velvet, with a beautiful lace mantilla swathing her white hair, came across the hall to greet me. She had quaint side curls, and a benign expression. One or two exquisite jewels glittered in her laces.

"My dear," she said, drawing me to the fire, "I never expected to have the pleasure of seeing you, but I have had great trouble with my servants the last day or two. My housekeeper, upon whom I absolutely rely, has been called away to the bedside of a dying friend; and, owing to an unfortunate disagreement amongst the domestics, I find myself very shorthanded. I have therefore put off my visit until to-morrow, when my housekeeper returns. I felt it was not quite safe to leave this establishment with no one to keep order."

I tried to be very sympathetic, for the old lady attracted me.

She looked at me very admiringly, now and again dropping a compliment that sent the blood tingling to my cheeks.

She told me I talked well, declaring it was a pity I had not seen more of the world. I said that I was one of a large family, and therefore unable to travel. She drew from me involuntarily many of my hopes and aspirations.

"We will have our coffee," she said, "in the Venetian chamber. You are sure to lose your way at first in this house, it is so queerly built. There are strange passages in the walls, which would lend themselves very conveniently to burglars. They are well supplied with small doors in the panels of the rooms. See," she said, drawing a curtain aside as we entered the Venetian chamber, "here is a little door you would hardly observe, even were the curtain absent. The passage behind runs the whole length of the house. It is dark and dusty, and I should not advise you to venture on a voyage of discovery."

"It certainly looks very ghostly," I said, as we sat on a low sofa, comfortably sipping our coffee.

The old lady's eyes rested upon me benignly.

"I feel so happy to-night," she murmured. "You have made me realize how lonely my life is."

She took my hand and stroked it softly. I half expected to hear her purr. Then came one of the most startling moments of my life.

Mrs. Shepperton, whom that very day I had seen only for the first time, made an amazing proposition. She told me I reminded her very forcibly of a daughter she had lost long years ago. She expressed an intense desire for my company, and begged me to go abroad with her on the following morning.

"It won't be for very long," she declared soothingly. "And I will buy you some lovely Parisian clothes if your wardrobe is insufficient. I will write to your mother to-morrow, and explain what I have done. I am sure she could not possibly mind, especially as we were introduced by a mutual friend."

Somehow I still felt under a spell, and the delightful suggestion proved too tempting. I have always been impressionable and somewhat hot-headed, I fear. Assuring myself that my family could have no objection, I joyfully consented to accompany Mrs. Shepperton on her pleasure trip.

As we talked over the many delights of foreign travel, I suddenly started forward, grasping her elbow.

"What is the matter, child?" she asked.

"I saw a figure," I gasped, "hiding in that curtain opposite. I could have declared the form of a man stood behind the velvet. The outline of his shoulder showed quite distinctly."

Mrs. Shepperton started up, trembling.

"It must have been your fancy," she cried, begging me to look behind the curtain; but, of course, this was useless. Had anyone been there, he would have retired through the panel door into the long, dark passage beyond.

I tried to forget what I had seen, telling myself it was only imagination; but the memory haunted me as I went up to bed.

"Never mind," I thought. "Tomorrow you will be far away from this lonely building."

I dreampt of the pleasure of wealth and of the many luxuries I was about to enjoy.

The following morning Mrs. Shepperton appeared somewhat depressed at breakfast.

"I want you, if you will, my dear," she said, in her soft, cooing voice, "to do an errand for me on the way to the station. I shall drive in a closed carriage, but you must go round by the town in the victoria, which will be at the door in a few minutes. I need a little spare money for our traveling expenses. Please go to the bank and change this check for £100, which you must bring me in notes."

I took the check, and drove away cheerfully, glad to feel I could do her a service.

The drive was a very hilly one, and the little town nestled at the foot of a steep descent. As the carriage proceeded at a slow pace, a well-dressed man sprang forward, apparently from the hedge, and took off his hat to me.

I felt myself turning very red, for I hardly knew what to do, since he was a total stranger. Before I had time to think, he jumped into the carriage, and seated himself beside me. I nervously grasped the prescious check in my hand.

"What do you want?" I asked sternly, quivering with indignation at his impertinent action.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, "but I want that check for £100 which you are going to cash at the bank."

"You may want it," I said, convinced this was a case of highway robbery, "but you won't get it!"

"Don't be alarmed," he answered, reading my thoughts. "After all, you are quite right not to give it up. I suppose you are unaware that you are being made the victim of a very cruel trick? I saw you arrive yesterday, and judged by your looks you were not an accomplice, though the accomplices are many of the Mrs. Shepperton, you know. One has played her false, and a very large scheme is about to end in failure.

"The old lady who received you so affectionately last evening, and tempted you to accept her invitation of foreign travel, was, strange to relate, the housekeeper, who should have received you according to Mrs. Shepperton's orders. This intriguing woman has effected a most startling disguise, not only annexing her mistress' clothes, but making her appearance absolutely similar. Having cleared the house of every honest servant, she had arranged to leave England under Mrs. Shepperton's name, taking with her a large quantity of jewelry and plate of immense value.

"Should suspicion have fallen upon her, you were to have been the scapegoat. For that reason she sent you to change the check this morning, which, of course, has been forged, with many others lately paid. I was hiding in the house last night, and heard your conversation in the Venetian chamber. Had you gone away with her, it is terrible to think of the position in which you might have been placed."

As I listened to his words, my blood froze in my veins.

"How can I know whether you are telling me the truth?" I asked, still suspicious of the stranger.

"You cannot tell," he replied, "until you are given proofs. We are going to drive to the police-station, where you will find the real Mrs. Shepperton, who has been recalled to the neighborhood, and warned of the intrigue."

I began to tremble violently, but still kept fast hold on the check, determined to give it to no one but the real Mrs. Shepperton herself.

"I don't wonder you believed in that evil woman," continued the stranger. "She has completely deceived her confiding old mistress. Presently when we bring them face to face with each other on the railway station, there will be little or no doubt in Mrs. Shepperton's mind."

I could hardly bear the suspense till the carriage drew up in front of the police station, and I followed the tall man through the gateway.

In a little room I espied a pale, trembling figure. An old lady in costly array, with exquisite furs and and dainty laces, eyed me curiously as I entered. For a moment I stared at her open-mouthed—the white side curls, the arched eyebrows, were all so like the Mrs. Shepperton with whom I had conversed not an hour ago.

Until I had arrived, she had still hoped there might be some mistake; but my amazement at seeing her proved the truth of the detective's story.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?" she asked. "Perhaps you have seen somebody like me?"

She placed her shaking hand on my arm, and I noticed a tear rolling down her withered cheek. I spread out the check on the table before her, and she peered at it curiously through her glasses. In as few words as possible I explained what had occurred.

"Then it is true?" she gasped, in a broken voice. "And I would have trusted her with my life!"

She staggered to the door.

"We have to go to the railroad station," she said. "It will be an awful moment indeed."

I turned to the inspector pleadingly.

"May Mrs. Shepperton not return to Stanley House without seeing that wicked woman again?" I begged. "Surely you and your men can arrest this imposter without giving this poor lady the pain of an encounter?"

She threw me a grateful glance as I made the suggestion.

"Of course, if Mrs. Shepperton prefers it," said the inspector, somewhat aggrieved that she should wish to forgo the excitement of catching the thief red-handed.

"I am very grateful to you," said the tremulous old voice, as, seizing our reprieve, we were drawn slowly back up the long, steep hill. "I feel you have had a great disappointment; but, remember, at the same time you have been mercifully delivered from very grave things."

I bowed my head at the solemn words. My heart was too full at that moment to speak.

A restful sensation come over me as we turned in at the old stone gateway. It was to be duty, not pleasure, and I began to think perhaps duty was the better after all.—London Answers.

## AN EASY PROBLEM.

**Something That Should Have Been Perfectly Plain to Anybody Who Could Figure.**

Hubbard Lawton, familiarly known as "Hub," was by common consent the most shiftless man in Pineville. He had been known to "saw and split" in a desultory way for a few of the summer visitors, but beyond that Hub and labor were strangers, relates Youth's Companion.

The most easy-going woman in the town was Lucy Harmon, who did a little dressmaking when the fit seized her; but as a rule she sat tranquilly on her front doorstep in summer, and in her front window during spring, autumn and winter, doing nothing whatever, with great contentment of mind and body.

Hub required financial aid from his relatives every month, and it was understood that Lucy received contributions from her neighbors without any false pride. When it was announced by Hub that he and Lucy were soon to be married, a plain-spoken neighbor asked a pointed question.

"How are you and Lucy expecting to live?" she inquired. "Who's going to earn your bread and butter, Hub? Lucy's folks nor her neighbor's won't feel any call to feed her when she's married to an able-bodied man."

"Why," said Hub, reproachfully, "I don't know what folks are thinking of! Half a dozen people have asked me that same question. I can almost support myself, and Lucy can almost support herself, and I should think anybody with a head for figgers could see that when we jine forces there'll be something left over for a rainy day."

**More Material Benefit.**

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend the supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good, madam; I have just prescribed for three of the participants."—Stray Stories.

## CHROMATIC AFFLICTION.

**Facial Indications in the Case of a Bibulous Patient Suggested the Rainbow.**

A Virginia reader sends a story told by the late Alban S. Payne as an actual occurrence, says the Philadelphia Times. It concerned a hard-riding, hard-drinking young Englishman, who settled near Linden, that state, in the expressed hope that the rustic surroundings would prove an aid in ridding him of his abnormal thirst. But he clung to his old habits, and soon became a connoisseur in moonshine distillations, rather preferring them, after a time, to those bearing the government stamp. His face was a mingled purple and sunset red, the joint product of whisky and an open-air life; and he had nothing of charm apart from his faultless manners to offer the pretty mountain girl who consented to become his wife. One afternoon he was carried home, pretty well mussed up as the result of a fall. The gravel of the roadside, the green of the grass and the smear from some cuts added to the colorfulness of his countenance; and the young wife, when Dr. Payne arrived, rushed out on the porch, screaming:

"Oh, doctor! doctor! go in to him—quick! He has all the diseases of the rainbow!"


Hundreds of lives saved every year by having Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house just when it is needed. Cures croup, heals burns, cuts, wounds of every sort.

Mother—"You have disobeyed me, Tommy. Didn't I say no when you asked me for another piece of cake?" Tommy—"Well, maybe you think I don't know what a woman's 'no' means."—Town and Country.

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The most amiable people are those who least wound the self-love of others.—Bruyere.


## On the Verge of Bright's Disease.—A Quick Cure that Lasted.

CASE NO. 39,611.—C. E. Boies, dealer in grain and feed, 505 South Water Street, Akron, O., made the following statement in 1896, he said: "Ever since the Civil War I have had attacks of kidney and bladder troubles, decidedly worse during the last two or three years. Although I consulted physicians, some of whom told me I was verging on Bright's disease, and I was continually using standard remedies, the excruciating aching just across the kidneys, which radiated to the shoulder blades, still existed. As might be expected when my kidneys were in a disturbed condition, there was a distressing and inconvenient difficulty with the action of the kidney secretions. A box of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Lamparter & Co.'s drug store, brought such a decided change within a week that I continued the treatment. The last attack, and it was particularly aggravated, disappeared."

### Three Years After.

Mr. Boies says in 1899: "In the spring of 1896 I made a public statement of my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy cured me of a terrible aching in the kidneys, in the small of my back, in the muscles of the shoulder blades, and in the limbs. During the years that have gone by I can conscientiously say there have been no recurrences of my old trouble. My confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills is stronger than ever, not only from my personal experience but from the experience of many others in Akron which have come to my notice."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Boies will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

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This business is not an undeveloped prospect. It is a demonstrated dividend payer. This is the largest business in the world producing Men's Goodyear Welt (Hand Sewed Process) shoes, and has always been immensely profitable. There has not been a year in the past twelve when the business has not earned in actual cash much more than the amount necessary to pay 7 per cent annual dividend on the preferred stock of $1,000,000.

The annual business now is $5,500,000, it is increasing very rapidly, and will equal $7,000,000 for the year 1903. The factory is now turning out 7800 pairs of shoes per day, and an addition to the plant is being built which will increase the capacity to 10,000 pairs per day.

The reason I am offering the Preferred Stock for sale is to perpetuate the business.

If you wish to invest in the best shoe business in the world, which is permanent, and receive 7 per cent on your money, you can purchase one share or more in this great business. Send money by cashier's check or certified check, made payable to W. L. Douglas. If there is no bank in your town, send money by express or post office money orders.

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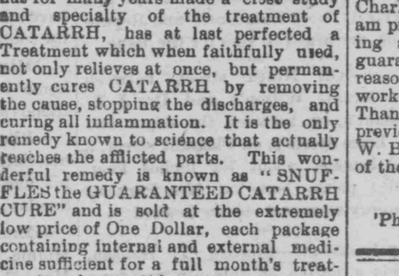

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The Burlington Route will renew the cheap one-way Settlers' rates every day during September and October, 1902, to Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California, such as $30 from St. Louis, $33 from Chicago and $25 from Missouri River points, to California, Portland and Puget Sound territory, with correspondingly low rates to Spokane District and the Butte-Helena District.

The Burlington Route and its connections best reach the entire West and Northwest country. It is the main traveled road through the West. The map shows.

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## Railroad Time Card.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE.

*Arrival of Trains at Paris:*

From Cincinnati—10:58;am 5:33 pm; 9:45 pm.
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:43 am; 3:23 pm; 6:10 pm.
From Richmond—5:05 am; 7:40 am; 3:18 pm.
From Maysville—7:45 am; 3:15 pm.

*Departure of Trains from Paris:*

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:51 am; 3:30 pm.
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am; 5:40 pm; 9:49 pm.
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:38 pm; 9:53 pm.
To Maysville—7:50 am; 6:20 pm.

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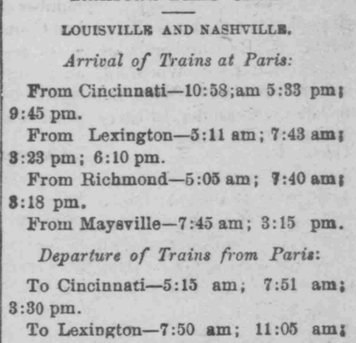


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